The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

Causes of Discomfort

To any one who, when the sun has gone down in the West, attempts to enjoy the evening on a front piazza in company or in converse with friends, the Richmond of the present day, on its principal residence streets and within city limits, offers little in the way of opportunity or pleasure.

"Formerly," said a Richmond woman of consequence, living on West Franklin Street, "formerly midsummer found our neighborhood as quiet and peaceful as if we were not indwellers of a city community. Neighbors came in after tea, pleasant gossip was enlivening and, as one could raise one's parlor windows without having rugs, hangings and furniture destroyed by dust, a pair of sweethearts might find a friendly corner to themselves to exchange their all important confidences. For there are girls who used to remain in Richmond by preference sometimes, even in midsummer.

"Now, what with the honking and the constant scooting backward and forward of automobiles, with their stifling odors and the germ-laden dust clouds they raise, one has to scream to be heard and piazzas are no more the centre of delightful sociability as was the case some decade or more of years ago.

"The automobiles are no doubt a convenience to professional and business men," continued the fair speaker, "They may possess charms for the joy-riding contingent which one might judge to be large, but they are nuisance when exploited for hours along the line of a street, where citizens who are property owners are or should be considered to have some privileges and immunities.

"In short, "concluded the anti-automobilist, "I am altogether tired of machines except for utilitarian purposes. I should no more prefer to have one than I should to use a postal card in writing to an intimate friend or to carry on a conversation over the telephone. The postal card and the telephone have their use and their place, and in the category where they belong I should like to put the automobile and keep it there."

Norway Like Louisiana

Ruth McEnery Stuart, who has been traveling through the Scandinavian peninsula and "browsing about in the Ibsen country," has discovered a relation between Norwegian conditions and those in Louisiana. She writes:

Of course, in Christiana, and, of course, here, as in every city of size and circumstance, there is always a small contingent of the upper classes who, for one reason or another, remain in town. Here the reason is generally the limited purse, for many of the oldest-and-best folk are become poor. But real caste counts in Norway, and many of the young women have gone out from some of the substantial shabby old homes, taking positions in the shops without loss of social place.

The situation reminded me frequently of that of the South after our Civil War. Indeed, in New Orleans even yet one may occasionally meet a pallid well-bred woman of the old regime behind a counter in a department shop, and she will probably have come from one of those close-mouthed old homes "down in the third," where a thick vine-covered wall preserves the privacy of a court garden, overgrown with untended flowers turned wild, but as non-committal and dignified as its mistress. She will sell you a pair of stockings or a bottle of Vetivert perfume, recommending it in any one of three tongues, according to your initiative.

The stories are somewhat the same in Norway and Louisiana—brothers at odds and a high-bred defeat. In the South, a lady is still a lady when she goes from house to house taking orders for orange and fig preserves. And a near-lady is only a near-lady, no matter how far-reaching the double appeal to the senses of her motor-car and her otherwise perfumed personality.

Of course, you will have to be moving.

Madame Brisson's Salon.

Among the Paris Solons of to-day, writes Elizabeth Dryden, that of Madame Adolphe Brisson may be counted in a very unique way as holding the most prominent place. Madame Brisson is the daughter of Francisque Sarcey, the great dramatic and literary critic of the last generation, and her husband, it is perhaps needless to say, has succeeded him in the title.

Many of the illustrious lights that frequent her home have, therefore, known Madame Brisson since her girlhood. These men regard with real affection the daughter of him to whom not a few of them owe their first recognition. Mingling with the greater celebrities is a younger generation yet on the borderland of fame—Monsieur Brisson's proteges—young men and women whose star is just rising. They are, perhaps, the most impatient of all those who eagerly await the Adolphe Brisson feuilleton in the Temps each Monday morning. The land which today makes the most of the drama counts this exquisite critique as the literary event of the week.

In the home of its eminent author and his wife great poets and playwrights and historians, great actors and actresses and singers, gather in curious French familiarity, like one huge family, to talk the "shop" of the arts, rather than to make historic repartee, to dissect the latest literary landmark with the same degree of "sang-froid" that they would the latest sauce at Marguery's, without being misunderstood. A fine hospitality is the secret of Madame Brisson's salon, as we may be sure it was of those of Julie Recamier and Madame de Sevigne.

That their mantle should have fallen upon the daughter of the first critic of his day and the wife of the first critic of our day seems very natural when we remember the high position of the critic both in French literature and in French life. Only in the forming of tastes, however, has this circumstance any bearing upon the situation. It is as characteristic of the Frenchman's proper and just appreciation of the qualities that are required to make a Sainte-Beuve—or a Francisque Sarcey or an Adolphe Brisson—that Madame Brisson should hold today, only by her own peculiar charm and fitness for it, that position which many are pleased to consider the most enviable one possible for a woman to attain.

Madame Brisson is very French. Therein lies her strongest cord of sympathy with the set that she sways, which is the quintessence of all that is French. The intellectual Frenchman has little time for the prevalent cult of Anglomania. Sympathy, progress, energy, executive ability, and, above all, the untranslatable quality which the French call poignon, are other salient qualities of this remarkable woman.

Le Bon Ton and Le Moniteur de la Mode United.

Healthful Food Combinations

Sandwiches for Luncheons and Suppers—Fuel and Muscle Builders in Foods—One Meal Per Diem of Uncooked Foods.

Sandwiches are a help to housewives who desire to serve tasty luncheons and suppers. Some good summer sandwiches can be made from apples and nuts, lettuce and cheese, cheese and dates, cream cheese and ripe olives, chopped beef and lettuce, and anchovies.

How to Combine Foods.

One of the housekeeper's problems is how to combine foods which properly go together. A few suggestions along the line of uncooked foods include flaked wheat or rice with nuts, dates and cream, or flakes with nuts, honey, milk and cream.

Eggnog, nuts, dates, bananas and cream. Cold slaw with olive oil, pecans, bread, sweet apples with cream.

Milk and Fruits.

Milk and fruits can be taken together if no cereal starch is taken at the same time. It is well to remember that starch, sugar and fats are fuel; that nuts, cheese and eggs are muscle builders. Apples, oranges, grapes, peaches, plumbs, pineapples or berries, are both foods and germicidals. Good, ripe apples are excellent food and cabbage is easily digested when raw and furnishes some iron when so eaten.

Meal of Uncooked Food.

It is suggested that the housewife, during the heated term, serve one meal a day of uncooked food, or make such food a part of two meals. It is an advantage to serve a vegetable and a dessert uncooked and to accompany meals with refreshing and dainty fruit salads.

Fresh and Dainty Furnishings.

Bungalows and summer cottages are such prominent features in American life of the present day that what Lucy Abbot Throop has to say in Woman's Home Companion about fresh and dainty bungalow bed-room furnishings will be read with interest and profit by women in search of good and original ideas.

Scheme in Blue and White.

A pretty scheme presented is in blue and white, white walls, white muslin window curtains, and cretonne hangings, of willow-ware design, costing from 39 to 75 cents a yard, according to quality.

Furniture of Wood or Willow.

The furniture may be either wood or willow painted white, with cretonne cushions and a plain blue rug. There are lovely gray and mauve cretonnes that make delightful rooms; in fact, the choice is unlimited, and the designs in the inexpensive grades are prettier than ever. In fact, the plainest and cheapest furniture may be put into a bed-room, and, if the hangings and upholsteries are well chosen and carefully made, the room will outshine many a more luxurious apartment.

A Traveled Person

Anne Bry McCall, who conducts a department of the Woman's Home Companion Magazine, says in an article about the girl who needs a change, that, "I know a little seamstress who is, I think, the best traveled person I know, yet in all the twenty-six years of her life she has hardly stirred from the little street in which she lives. You would say she is poor; but I tell you she is not. She worked hard to support herself and her old invalid mother. Yet, by all true reckoning, she is not poor—no, indeed. She has sympathy, imagination, love, that have carried her mind and her spirit far. She goes to Europe not once a year, as you and I would, if we had money, but a hundred times, I think.

"I was once describing to her the street in Paris in which, when I was a little girl, I went to school, and she said, with not the slightest affectation, rather with the simplicity of a child, 'Oh, yes, I know it well. It branches off from the street of Little Fields, and not far away is the Madeleine, and not far in the other direction is the Place Vendome.' Then she cast a shy look at me. 'Think of my trying to tell you about it when you have seen it all, and I never have.'

"'Oh, my dear,' I said, with a little glow on my cheeks, I think, and a lump in my throat, 'I am sure you have seen it all ever so much better than I ever have.' So she had; for while I had seen it all with the eyes of the flesh, she with the eyes of the mind and spirit could see, did see it and delight in it again and again, it will."

Just Frocks---Showing---

Lovely Color Combinations in Tulles, Nets, Voiles and Marquisettes, in Changeable Chiffons, in White and Pale Green Linen and in Taffeta Souplesse.

Fascinating midsummer frocks appear in flowered tulles, nets, chiffons and marquisettes, which are made up over princess slips of rose petal pink, ciel blue or canary yellow, and are delightfully cool and summery looking.

A wonderful shimmering, elusive effect in color is produced by combining two or more shades of chiffon, the shades to be carefully chosen and handled for the right effectiveness to result.

Trend of Fancy for Color.

The trend of fancy for color is evinced in the charming impression left upon the mind by frocks of white linen trimmed with both solid and eyelet embroideries of blue, pale pink or light green. In turn colored linen gowns have white trimmings. In combinations, white and pale green is a decided vogue. French organdies are pretty worn over slips fashioned of striped summer silks. Taffeta ruchings and folds are pretty finishings for voile and marquisette gowns.

Taffeta Souplesse.

Soft taffeta, or taffeta souplesse, is greatly favored this season and has, to a great extent, taken the place of soft satin for smart afternoon and evening frocks. The soft taffeta is specially adapted to the garniture of pipings, plaited frills and ruchings that are so popular at present. New mosaic chiffons are lovely and are made up in conjunction with black velvet, touchee of which appear on modish frocks of this summer, lend them distinction and universal becomingness.

Shades of Green.

All shades of green, vert, parrot, moss, empire and willow, figure largely in the season's colorings. So do yellow, coral, American Beauty and shrimp pino. Rose embroidery, silver beading and white pearl buttons rimmed in jet or velvet are stunning accessories on gorgeous midsummer toilets.

Fabric Gloves.

Under the above name are grouped the long buttoned or mosquetaire gloves of silk, silk mesh, suede lisle and chomoisette for summer wear. Some of the white silk Milanese gloves are embroidered in tiny buds around the wrist, and fine trailing vines extending part way up the long arm. Some of the silk gloves are made with fine tucks, about an eighth of an inch wide, from just above the wrist to below the elbow. For general summer service, however, there is nothing better than good chamois or doeskin. Doeskin justifies its slightly increased expense, as it washes and wears better than chamois skin.

Enchanting Bags.

Enchanting bags, both big and little, appear among the novelties from Paris. Gorgeous affairs are fashioned out of metallic lace over satin or out of lustreless silk of some deep rich color.

The Child-Wife's Justification

A book recently published by Harper and edited by William J. and Coningsby W. Dawson, contains love scenes from the great novelists. Among these none makes a stronger appeal than that which was enacted in Dickens's "David Copperfield" between David and his child-wife, Dora, just before Dora's death.

David is represented as saying, "Do I know that my child-wife will soon leave me? They have told me so; they have told me nothing new to my thoughts; but I am far from sure that I have taken that truth to heart. I hold her hand in mine, I hold her heart in mine, I see her love for me alive in all its strength. I cannot shut out a pale, lingering shadow of belief that she will be spared.

"It is night and we are now alone. My child-wife says, 'I am going to speak to you, Doady. I am going to say something I have often thought of saying lately. You won't mind?' with a gentle look.

"'Mind, my darling?'

"'Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have thought, sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young.'

"I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel, with a stricken heart, that she is speaking of herself as past.

"'I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything. I was such a silly little creature. I am afraid it would have been better if we had loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife.'

"I try to stay my tears and to reply, 'Oh, Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband!'

"'I don't know,' with the old shake of her curls. 'Perhaps. But if I had been more fit to be married, I might have made you more so too. Besides, you are very clever, and I never was.'

"'We have been very happy, my sweet Dora. I was very happy, very. But as years went on my dear boy would have wearied of his child-wife. She would have been less and less a companion for him. He would have been more and more sensible of what was wanting in his home. She wouldn't have improved. It is better as it is.'

"'Oh, Dora, dearest, do not speak to me so. Every word seems a reproach.'

"'No, not a syllable,' she answers, kissing me. Oh, my dear, you never deserved it, and I loved you far too well to say a reproachful word to you in earnest—it was all the merit I had, except being pretty—or you thought me so. Is it lonely downstairs?'

"'Very, very.'

"'Don't cry! Is my chair there?'

"'In its old place.'

"'I said that it was better as it is!' she whispers as she holds me in her arms. 'Oh Doady, after more years, you could never have loved your child-wife better than you do; and, after more years, she would have so tried and disappointed you, that you might not have been able to love her half so well! I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is.'"

The Reading Habit.

Sooner or later we all of us need some kind of consolation and diversion; for the world is not invented to suit any one man's fancy, and the continuous clash of wills is bound to bring about a certain amount of sorrow to every one. Of all consolations, the cheapest, the easiest, the mast effective is a passion for the printed page. To be able to step out of our immediate environment at will, to roam the centuries, to scour the earth, to beckon the spheres, to have all the best minds ready to serve our need—this is the gift for the reader.

Reading, like everything else, is a matter of habit. The little child, as a rule, finds it painful and certainly less alluring than action. But habit perfects one in this matter, and life with books may become as vital, as real, as consoling as a life with society. Moreover, as soon as one has learned to love them, books never fail us; they are always accessible, always willing to yield up their secrets, always sympathetic.

In life one cannot always cultivate the associations we would like. The people you want to know may live at the other ends of the earth, or their moods may be variable, or their interests other than yours; but in a world of books we can literally choose just what we want for our own immediate consolation.

On the whole, there is nothing in the world perhaps that so repays a woman as acquiring the habit of reading.—Harper's Bazar.

Betsey Barker's Alderney.

Mrs. Gaskell, in "Cranford," gives an amusing account of how some advice given by Captain Brown—a highly respected member of Cranford society—in jest, was taken in sober, serious earnest.

The advice referred to was on this subject. An old lady had an Alderney cow which she looked upon as a daughter. A caller could not remain for the regulation quarter-of-an-hour without being told of the wonderful milk or the wonderful intelligence of this animal.

The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime-pit.

She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued, but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold and miserable, in a bare skin.

Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay, and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil.

This remedy, was recommended, perhaps, by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But you had best kill her at once."

Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes and thanked the captain heartily. She set to work, and by-and-by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark-gray flannel.